

BY RAIL IN CUBA.

WAYSIDE NOTES OF A JAUNT TO MATANZAS.

Cars of the Crude Sort—Lottery-Ticket Vendors and Fruit Peddlers—Window Views—Landscape and Products—A Sugar Plantation.

[Cuba Cor. Inter Ocean.]

The rolling-stock for all the Cuban railways was built in the United States, with slight modifications from the American plan on account of climate and the traffic to be accommodated. The cars are plain and old, representing the crude sort in use in the States a great many years ago. The first-class coaches are, perhaps, on a par with our smoking-cars. The seats are cane, the roof is low, and the interior woods are unadorned. The second-class cars are a shade worse, and the third-class cars have boards seats without backs, and blinds without window-glass. The first-class car is always attached to the rear end of the train, and is generally about empty.

When the train stops at a station a horde of vendors of various articles swarm into the cars offering their wares for sale. There is the boy with green coconuts, and perhaps the universal fruit is reinforced by oranges, guavas, and country cheese. Then follows a man with lightning-bugs for sale. These Cuban lightning-bugs are regular electric lights. It is said that even those exhibited as curiosities in the States are inferior when compared with the native untrammelled bug that illumines the Cuban night. The lottery-ticket vendors are also on hand, as they are everywhere and on every occasion.

Whenever the train is ready to start out of a station where it has made a stop, a wind-up, west-facing Chinaman rings a hand-bell vigorously, and the engineer opens his throttle.

The place to see Cuban life is in the third-class coach. There you have the negro, the Chinaman, the creole or Cuban proper, and the Spaniard all on a common level. About two-thirds of the people who get on have a string of chickens, which they carefully bestow under their seat when they sit down; and everybody appears oblivious to the vigorous squawking which is going on among the fowls most of the time. Once in awhile a local policeman will come in and go through the train, scowling suspiciously at the passengers. Everybody carries a collection of bundles. Regular baggage is charged extra in Cuba, and so it is customary to reduce one's belongings to their lowest terms and stow them away in odd nooks and corners.

The view from the car windows is novel to the untraveled American, but characterized by a considerable degree of sameness. By all odds the most characteristic feature is the palm. The shining, white, spindle-shaped trunks and bouquet tops of this tree dot the landscape on every side, although nowhere constituting a real forest. I have not traveled in any other country where the palm appeared so ubiquitous. To a group of laurels or coconut trees is liable to loom into view, while occasional solitary cacti command remark by reason of their smooth, fat trunks and rambling umbrellas tops. The cacti are the largest tree grown on the island, and islanders are wont to point to it with pride. Luxuriant wild morning glories, with their blue, white and pink blossoms, may be seen clambering over hedges of the hardy cactus; while the huge rugged leaves of the banana bend dreamily over the palm-fringed huts of the natives. It is wonderful what a servicable house these people are able to make out of common palm and banana leaves and bark without nail or screw or any substantial material.

Fields of corn also a pear beside the track in various stages of development. This corn is a recent discovery here. It has now become the universal fodder for the horse and cattle, since it is so cheap, and will grow the year around. The reader must not imagine such corn as our states of the northwest have put on exhibition at New Orleans in the spirit of friendly emulation. The corn here does not seem to grow more than two or three feet high, and what they save as the ear we would call a nubbin. But the foliage fulfills an important mission as fodder. The castor oil bean is indigenous, and may be seen frequently by the roadside.

Two kinds of earth are noticeable in making the trip either one very red, like that encountered in Virginia, Georgia, the Carolinas, and some other eastern states, and the other black. I believe there is a contest among travelers as to the worth of those two soils for growing purposes. The red soil is so intensely and so tenaciously red that the hairless pigs which root in the fields and the tails of the oxen that gaze wonderingly at the passing train (the oxen gaze, not the tails) are dyed with the same brilliant color.

The country can not be called pretty, in my opinion, on account of the inferior quality of the grass here. The brilliant green verdure of our American hills is not realized in Cuba. On the way from Havana here I think every traveler is surprised by the apparent sparseness of the population. No village of any size is passed on the way. The characteristic picture of a native Cuban town embraces a few thatched huts, a conspicuous Catholic church and cemetery, a handful of fourteenth-century human beings on horseback, resting under the hanging roofs of the few decent buildings near the depot, and perhaps some ancient-looking barracks for Spanish soldiers. Some of the fences are made of our western barbed wire; but the majority are either hedges of prickly pear, or fences constructed of live saplings.

But the principal thing that the traveler notices on the way from the Cuban metropolis to this, the second sugar-exporting city of the island, whether he comes by one route or the other, is the series of mammoth sugar plantations extending almost the entire distance. The air is heavy with the sickish sugar smell, which emanates from the mill-house and is seldom out of the traveler's nostril. Every few miles the huge open buildings of some large estate loom into view, the tall smoking chimneys visible for miles in this flat country. Branch railroads belonging to the estate lead from the main line all over the plantation.

TEE "SOCIETY OF FRIENDS."

Losing Their Distinctive Forms of Dress and Manners in the Quaker City.

[Philadelphia Cor. Chicago Tribune.]
Thin figures in gray shad-bellied coats and broad-brimmed hats are not any more to be met with in every block in the Quaker city. The Friends are either rapidly dying out in this town or are losing their distinctive forms of dress and manner and being absorbed by other sects. The Hicksite body is quite as large and wealthy as the orthodox. They do not strictly adhere to "plain"

clothes and the "plain language." They go in as strongly as anybody for the enjoyments of life, and the sound of a piano or the sight of an oil-painting does not fill them with horror. Only the other night, at the opera, half of a row was occupied by a Hicksite Quaker opera party. Even the orthodox have come to be much more elastic in their rules than they used to be.

Some years ago a nice fatherly Quaker raised a storm about his ears and was threatened with expulsion from meeting because he had admitted a piano into his house and allowed his daughter to take music-lessons. The storm blew over and papa was not fired out. No one would think of being otherwise than blind to such a falling away from discipline in this day. Many Quaker homes are as delightfully appointed as any in town, and the drawing-rooms are adorned with pictures and furnished with musical instruments. One of the most popular girls in Philadelphia society is a Quaker maiden who says "thee" and "thy," but dances the lancers equal to the most worldly. Nearly all the city Quaker girls go in for laces and trimmings, and some of them have even come to feathers.

This "gayety" is a constant topic of sad discussion among the grandmothers and aunts, who live in the country and still retain their drab dresses and queer bonnets in all their primitive simplicity. Of course when grandmamma and aunty come into town to yearly meeting the young Friends leave off some of their worldliness and get back into their plain dresses and prim little bonnets. Yearly meeting is going on now, and it is the opinion of Philadelphia duds that there is nothing in the world prettier than a sweet Quaker face, framed by one of those little gray-ilk bonnets, a fringe of wavy hair, just showing above the smooth, round brow. The judgment of duded out in that matter is decidedly sound.

A View from the Moon.

[Professor Langley in The Century.]

The truth is, however, that, looking at the earth from the moon, the largest moving animal, the whale or the elephant, would be utterly beyond our ken; and it is questionable whether the largest ship on the ocean would be visible, for the popular idea as to the magnifying power of great telescopes is exaggerated. It is probable that under any but extraordinary circumstances our lunar observer with our best telescopes could not bring the earth within less than an apparent distance of 500 miles; and the reader may judge how large a moving object must be to be seen much less recognized, by the naked eye at such a distance.

Of course, a chief interest of the supposition, we are making lies in the fact that it will give us a measure of our own ability to discover evidences of life in the moon, if there are any such as exist here; and in this point of view it is worth while to repeat that scarcely any temporary phenomenon due to human action could be visible from the moon under the most favoring circumstances. An army such as Napoleon led to Russia might conceivably be visible if it moved in a dark solid column across the snow. It is hardly possible that such a vessel as one of the largest ocean steamships might be seen, under very favorable circumstances, as a moving dot; and it is even quite probable that such a conflagration as the great fire of Chicago would be visible in the lunar telescope as something like a reddish star on the night side of our planet; but this is all in this sort that could be discerned.

The "Proper Symbol of Office."

[Washington Cor. Boston Budget.]

Without the sergeant-at-arms carries his mace he cannot lay his hands on any representative who may be acting improperly on the floor of the house, although ordered by the speaker to arrest him. I remember to have witnessed several free fights on the floor which the sergeant-at-arms tried in vain to stop, but it was as much as he could do to manage his "mace," so the combat proceeded until the respective friends of the parties separated them. Recently the speaker ordered Mr. White, of Kentucky, to resume his seat, and when that gentleman kept standing and talking, the sergeant-at-arms was directed to see that the order of the chair was obeyed. Iky Hill, the deputy sergeant-at-arms, who was on duty, rushed up to Mr. White, and taking hold of him, was about to forcibly seat him, when the cry was raised: "Where's your mace, Hill? let go of Mr. White and run for the mace, with which he returned, and then White took his seat.

He, however, raised a question of privilege that a citizen who did not bear the symbol of power had laid violent hands upon him. The august majesty of a representative had been insulted, and the venerable Judge Kelley asked whether a person without any insignia of office can place violent hands on a member and push him into his seat. Mr. White's question of personal privilege was dodged, but it was very evident that the representatives present, however much they may be misbehaving, are not willing to have the sergeant-at-arms or his deputy touch them unless he carries "the mace."

What a Woman Barber Says of Her Sex.

[New York Paper.]

A shampoo or hair-dressing chair is a good place to study the character of women, for their true nature comes out while they are being scraped and rubbed by one of their own sex. The truth is, that very few women have a good head of hair, and those who have don't get the credit for it, because so much false hair is worn that people who believe a woman when she says she wears only her own hair. I have some customers whose hair is so thick that they come to me every two months to have it thinned out.

We have it hard enough now, goodness knows, trying to get along with our own sex. Women who are all smiles and as sweet as honey in society are peevish and cross when they have their hair dressed or are being shampooed. Red-haired women have fearful tempers, for they soiled us awfully when we chance to pull their hair a trifle too hard. Blondes are generally nice and easy to manage, but sometimes they do cut up like sin. These blonde women can fume, and fret, and scold like termites when they get their mad up. Black and brown haired women are the most patient, but when they do flare up in anger they literally make the hair fly and tinge the air blue.

How He Kept Going.

[Chicago Herald "Train Talk."]

"Yes, business is bad, and it's as much as I can do to keep the company going," remarked the theatrical manager as he handed the conductor twenty-two tickets and seven passes for his people; "it's my honest belief that we'd had to go to pieces two months ago if I hadn't studied law last summer during my vacation."

"What has that got to do with it?"
"Well, you see, being a lawyer I attend to all the divorce business in my troupe. By saving up the fees I am able to pull through a bad run of snow blockades and one-night stands."

A MAN FAMINE.

COL. PAT DONAN FLOURISHES THE LANTERN OF DIOGENES.

The Plight of a Brilliant Debutante—A Host of Tailor-Made "Society Fel-lows," but Real Men Are Scarce—Well, What?

[Dakota Letter in N. Y. Sun.]

Only a short time ago the bright young daughter of an eminent St. Louis lawyer said to me: "You mockingly criticize us for encouraging the attentions of what you contemptuously style 'whippersnappers,' 'snips,' 'dudes,' and 'yellow goings,' but how can we help it? There are twenty of these little fellows in society where there is one really desirable man, and if it were not for them we would miss many an entertainment that we want to attend, many an opera and play, many a set in dancing, that we now enjoy. But for these very pigmies, with their three-hair-power mustaches, that you speak of so scornfully, every girl in St. Louis would be left at home half the time she now gets out, and would be a wall-flower more than half the time when she managed to inveigle her father or brother into escorting her to parties and receptions. You find me plenty of those brainy, cultivated, aspiring men with a future, that you talk about, and I will find you plenty of girls capable of appreciating them, and ready to drop all their retinue of 'pomatumed snips,' for them any time. Bring on your 'real men.' Trot out your thoroughbred."

She was only a debutante, but do you know she had not misjudged me. I told her over all the muttering and muttering of my society fellows, I took a lightning-calculator inventory of all my trousers-wearing acquaintance in what is known as "good society." I reviewed long processions of the bifurcated ornaments of seaside and mountain and lakeside resorts, of balls and routs and operatic first nights; and I had to admit that this vehement young-girl indictment was "a true bill." All over the country a man famine prevails.

We have hordes of society fellows—well, giddy boys—but they are hardly the kind of husband material a sensible woman would select, if it were not a case of "Hobson's choice." Many of them are kind-hearted, agreeable little creatures, disposed to do everything in their power to earn the gratitude of the girls, to whose enjoyment they contribute themselves and all they have and are. But a considerable proportion of them are freaks of nature, only to be accounted for when the creation of mosquitoes, flies, mumps, and measles is explained. They are as much alike, and then where you will, as the little lumps of pill dough under a druggist's spatula. There is not originality enough in them, or the tailors they patronize, to get up sufficient difference between any two of a thousand of them to recognize under a forty-mule-power microscope. Their physiognomies are mild burlesques on the lap-dog family. Their shanks and feet look like pins stuck in pumpkins.

Their clothes are all of the loudest fashion, and their neckties flame with all the hues of an Adirondack autumn, while life seems with them to be a perpetual struggle to see over their collars. Their faces are decorated with bergamot-exhaling shavers and lip fuzz, thin and sticky. Their kid gloves are gaily and daintily switched with semi-blackguard handles, usually copies in ivory or gold of some ballet dancer's prancing pins. Ponderous chains with horseshoe and dog-head charms, dangle from their flashy vest patterns. Their visages are stupid and sensual, and their mouths are more expressionless gashes, that only open to take in oysters, cocktails, and champagne, and let out ball-room compliments, stale bouquets, and drawing cards. They walk with a dawdling, mincing gait, that carries a perpetual flavor of the "german" or the "racquet." They talk with a foreign affectation, full of "aws" and "you knows," and their breath is ever redolent with whisky and cigarette tobacco.

They leer with insufferable ineloquence at every woman that comes within reach of their weak disheveled eyes, and comment on "the point" of their girl acquaintances as they do on those of a horse or a speckled female pointer pup. They laugh in their idiotic, would-be cynical way at the idea of virtue, and hold that every woman has her price. They estimate men only by their clothes and their money. They never had, or can have, an unselfish thought. All their sentiments center in their own base appetites. They worship no god but themselves, and the Hottentots of fetich worship are more respectable deities. Squeeze a million of them into one and they would not make a real man.

And yet they are all-important factors of our best society. No wedding ceremony is complete without some of them as ushers and salad annihilators. No ball or reception is perfect without a numerous sprinkling of them to flourish their shining, patent-leathered heels, only less light and leathery than their heads, to the wailing strains of its violas and lutes. Without them our girls would often—too sadly, awfully often—be beaues, stay-at-homes would abound and wall-flowers would flourish thicker than touch-me-nots in rustic parterres, or bachelor-buttons in Dakota, where four-fifths of all the buttons are bachelors' buttons.

What is to be done? There is a cry from Damselville, come and save us. In the name of suffering girlhood, I call upon our social philosophers, pundits, and panjandrums for aid and counsel. Where is the use of all our nineteenth-century progress in art and science, if an improved article of society man cannot be invented and manufactured in greater abundance? What is the good of all our electric lights or telephones, photographs, and double track railroads from New York to Mexico and the moon, if our girls have to marry nobodies, or go husbandless to join the ever swelling army of dried-up spinster martyrs?

How can I, without seeming mockery, wish a happy New Year, or "many happy returns" of their birthdays, to a portion of maidens who have led the priceless hours of four or five or six leap years pass unprofitably, and are doomed to go unbeaten, unweakened, unweakened, unweakened, unweakened. Darwin's strongest witnesses for heaven only know how long to come!

Must our American young women still continue to fly to the arms of their coaches and lackeys, or waste themselves on foreign counts and barons, as a preparatory step to presiding in the back rooms of future barber shops, or passing around the hand organ's concomitant tamborine for nickels? If so, "Ichabod" is already written upon the pillars of our new world republic and its glory is departed.

[Nervousness.]

[Minneapolis Housekeeper.]

Nine times out of ten a case of nervous

prostration is another name for a bit of self-indulgence (and ought to be so understood), from which the patient speedily recovers as soon as he gets her own way. Nervousness, so called, is sometimes a real malady, closely akin to temporary insanity; but as a rule, it is brought on by willful selfishness and brooding over small vexations or wrongs.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

Bill Nye Talks About the Bronze Goddess.

[Original.]

When Patrick Henry put his old cast-iron spectacles back on the top of his head and whooped for liberty, he did not know that some day we would have more of it than we knew what to do with. He little dreamed that the time would come when we would have more liberty than we could pay for. When Mr. Henry saved the air and shouted for liberty or death, I do not believe that he knew the time would one day come when Liberty would stand knee deep in the mud of Bedloe's Island and yearn for a solid place to stand upon.

It seems to me that we have too much liberty in this country in some ways. We have more liberty than we have money. We guarantee that every man in America shall fill himself up full of liberty at our expense, and the less of an American he is the more liberty he can have. If he desires to enjoy himself, all he needs is a slight foreign accent and a willingness to mix up with politics as soon as he can get his baggage off the steamer. The more I study American institutions the more I regret that I was not born a foreigner, so that I could have something to say about the management of our great land. If I could not be a foreigner, I believe I would prefer to be a Mormon or an Indian not taxed.

I am often led to ask, in the language of the poet, "Is the Caucasian played out?" Most everybody can have a good deal of fun in this country except the American. He seems to be so busy paying his taxes all the time that he has very little time to mingle in the giddy whirl with the alien. That is the reason that the alien who rides across the United States on the "Limited Mail" and writes a book about us before breakfast wonders why we are always in a hurry. That is the reason we have to throw our meals into ourselves with a dull thud, and hardly have time to maintain a warm personal friendship with our families.

We do not care much for wealth, but we must have freedom, and freedom costs money. We have advertised to furnish a bunch of freedom to every man, woman or child who comes to our shores, and we are going to deliver the goods, whether we have any left for ourselves or not. What would the great world beyond the seas say to us if some day the blue-eyed Mormon, with his heart full of love for our female seminaries and our old women's homes, should land upon our coasts and find that we were using all the liberty ourselves?

What do we want of liberty anyhow? What could we do with it if we had it? It takes a man of leisure to enjoy liberty, and we have no leisure whatever. It is a good thing to keep in the house "for the use of guests only," but we don't need it for ourselves.

Therefore, I am in favor of a statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, because it will show that we keep it on tap winter and summer. We want the whole broad world to remember that when it gets tired of oppression it can come here to America and oppress us. We are used to it, and we rather like it. If we don't like it, we can get on the steamer and go abroad, where we may visit the effete monarchies and have a high old time.

The sight of the Goddess of Liberty standing there in New York harbor night and day, bathing her feet in the rippling sea, will be a good thing. It will be first-rate. It may also be productive of good in a direction that many have not thought of. As she stands there, day after day, bathing her feet in the broad Atlantic, perhaps some moss-grown Mormon moving toward the far west, a confirmed victim of the matrimonial habit, may fix the bright picture in his so-called mind, and remembering how, on his arrival in New York, he saw Liberty bathing her feet with impunity, he may be led in after years to try it on himself.

BILL NYE.

A Resolution of Sympathy.

[Lime-Kill Club.]

The following communication was then read in a tremulous voice:

ANDERSON, S. C., April 10, '85.
BRO. GARDNER: At the last meeting of our club, which is called "The Heroic White-wash Society," our secretary read an account of your temporary illness, and the club at once passed the following resolution: "Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that Brother Gardner should soon recover his health, but if Providence directs that he be stricken down and gathered into the arms of death, this club stands ready to donate \$50 for one of the biggest funerals ever held in America."

There is very little time to be had in this locality, and we have to do a great deal of our whitewashing with lamp-black. What rates can you give us on a car load of full lime, warranted free from all rust or insects?

FAR OFF SMITH, Secretary.

The president returned what he called his "lamentary thanks" for the resolution of sympathy, and the secretary was directed to make the very lowest rates on lime, and throw in two dozen whitewash brushes.

Bricks 3 Cents Apiece.

[New York Sun.]

A frugal resident of east Broadway has just started in a new line of business. For some days past he has been gathering up old bricks, and yesterday he placed them in a big box on his stoop, and marked them "3 cents apiece." He said that business was not very brisk, but as the bricks cost nothing, he could afford to wait for trade.

Mrs. Mary Treat, in her "Home Studies in Nature," asserts that birds improve, as architects, with experience. She is also convinced that they exercise reason in rearing their young, and in adapting themselves to unfamiliar circumstances.

Ike Philkins, "Chide gently the erring." Always look under your window before flinging out your dirty water. You may be under somebody's window one of these days.

Colds, Coughs, Pneumonia,

Sore Throat, Croup, and Whooping Cough, are rapidly cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "For children afflicted with Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, or Croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than

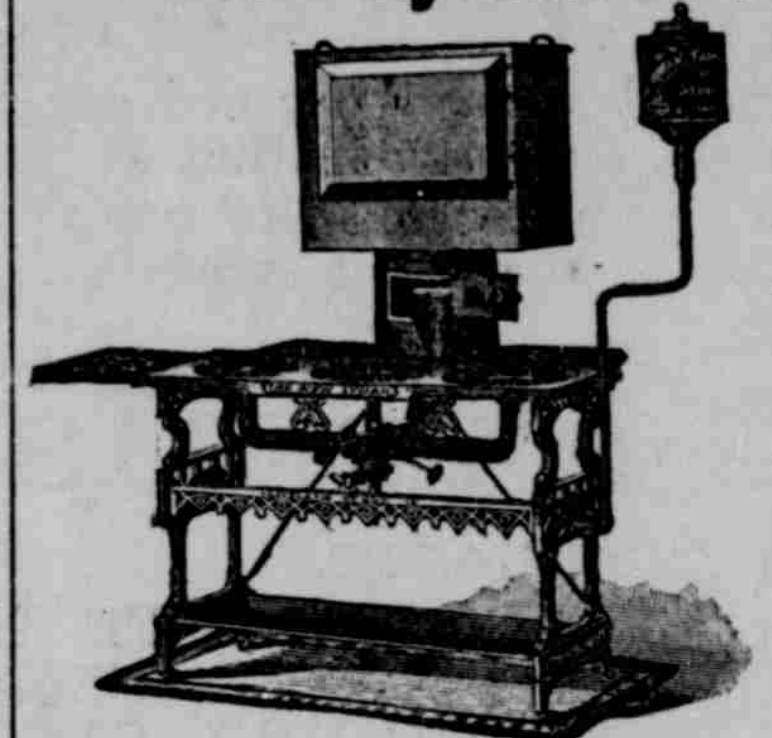
Or inflammation of the Lungs, may, if properly treated, be relieved and cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "I contracted a severe cold, which developed rapidly into Pneumonia. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cher-

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

ry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1251 Wash'n st., Boston, Mass.
Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

and I do not hesitate to say that the prompt use of this remedy saved my life."—R. A. Semmes, Laredo, Texas.
For Sale by all Druggists.

The "Lyman" Vapor Stove for 1885.



One generator for 2, 3 or 4 burners. More work can be done on this stove than on any form of summer cook stove ever made. As easy to light as a gas burner. "New Lyman" Oven, "Alaska" Refrigerators & Ice Chests, charcoal filled "Monitor" Oil Stoves absolutely safe \$2 Lamp Stove. Filters and Water Coolers, Ice Cream Freezers, Mantles, and Grates, "Happy Home" Ranges and Cooking Stoves.

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THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

International Lessons—By Henry W. Great, D. D., May 24.—The Faithful Saying.—1 Timothy 1:15; 2:6.

GOLDEN TEXT.—This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 Tim. 1:15.

The two Epistles to Timothy and that to Titus are commonly called the Pastoral Epistles; the reason being that they deal more fully than any other with the duties of the pastoral office. Nor are they addressed to churches or bodies of Christians, but to individual ministers in that office.

Timothy was a native of Lycaonia in Asia Minor, and was born probably in Lystra. His father was a Greek and his mother a Jewess. His mother, Eunice, and his grandmother, Lois, were both women of marked piety, and faithfully instructed him in the Jewish Scriptures. His conversion to the Christian faith probably occurred at the time of Paul's first visit to Lystra and Derbe. At any rate when Paul made his second journey that way he found him "well reported of by the brethren," and took him as a helper. It was most likely at that time that he was set apart, with the laying on of hands, to the office and work of an evangelist; and from that time that he became one of the Apostle's most trusted and loved companions. He is now about thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, and in charge of the church at Ephesus. Paul, it is supposed, had been set at liberty from his first imprisonment at Rome, and wrote his first letter to him from Corinth. The time is two or three years after the conclusion of the history recorded in the Acts.

In these verses we have: 1. One of the most important and precious of all the sayings of the New Testament.—"Faithful is the saying, and worthy of all acceptance." It is faithful, that is, assuredly true. It is worthy of all acceptance, that is, of such worth, and so suited to the needs of all, as to merit the glad welcome of every heart.

The saying includes two things: "Christ Jesus came into the world;" and "He came into the world to save sinners." Here we have His pre-existence; He came. Here we have His merciful purpose; to save sinners. Further on we are told something of what He did to accomplish our salvation: "Who gave Himself a ransom for all" (2:6) Such a saying is suited to arrest the minds, and melt and win all hearts; for all are sinners. Jesus is able to save all, and the salvation includes infinite and endless good.

Said the elder Alexander, "The longer I live, the more I incline to sum up all my theology in this single sentence.—Bekune said, "This is a text unspeakably precious to every soul born of the Spirit, so full of Gospel that it continually overflows as with honey from the cleft of the rock." It is a precious saying. And it would seem to have grown to be a sort of axiom with the early Christians; a saying often on Christ's lips; the Gospel in a sentence.

2. Encouragement to seek mercy for the greatest sinners.—"Sinners," said Paul, "of whom I am chief." Paul was now forgiven, saved. And yet he could not remember that he was a saved sinner. The past could not be recalled. Then, in his humility, he thought of himself as the greatest of sinners. He looked at his own sins until those of others sunk into insignificance. The better one becomes the baser do his sins seem. Paul used this language sincerely. We should take care that we do not use it heartlessly; for then it is miserable cant.

Paul cites his own case, of a great sinner saved, not to glorify himself but to exalt Christ, and to encourage others. Among other reasons for God's mercy to him was this, namely, that others might see that none need despair. The argument is conclusive for us. And numerous cases similar to his add to its force. The experiences of great sinners saved in later ages repeat and emphasize the invitation, "Whoever will, let him come."

We can not wonder at the outburst of grateful praise with which the Apostle here interrupts his line of thought. The ascription is becoming as it is joyful. "Now unto the King eternal" etc. For "King eternal" we might read "King of all the ages"; of all cycles and stages of duration and being. Such is he who has provided salvation for us. "Unto him be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen."

3. A general charge equally suited to Christian ministers and to private Christians.—Returning from his jubilant digression, the Apostle now proceeds with that fatherly counsel with which the Epistle began. At Timothy's conversion or ordination, or both Silas or other prophets had predicted good things concerning the young man. Paul now reminds him of these prophecies, and exhorts him to remember them, that by so doing he may be enabled to great earnestness, both in his Christian life and public ministry. This life and ministry he represents as a "warfare." So all Christians have found it. Error and sin are to be resisted and overcome; truth and good are to be defended. And no man was a

good warfare" who is not in resolute earnest.

But this is not the whole of this general charge. While the believer, minister or not, gives himself earnestly to the service in which he has enlisted, he must take care that his own faith is not wrecked. And two things are put forth as important safeguards: "Holding fast a good conscience." Faith here is, trust in God, personal appropriation of the grace there is in him. A good conscience is a "conscience void of offence." Faith in the last cause of the verse, is the truth by system of truth believed. And in no other way do so many make shipwreck of this faith as in trifling with conscience. It is not intellectual difficulty so much as desire to sin which loosens regard for truth, and lands men in infidelity. The man who is willing to live as to have an approving conscience will love the truth however it demands sin. Hypocrites and Alexander were examples of moral wrecks; for whom nothing could be done but to turn them over to the unrestrained inflictions of Satan. The reference may be communicated from the Christian body.

4. God's will that all men should be saved. The exhortation to "supplications, prayers, intercessions and thanksgivings for all men" is the first of the specific charges Paul now proceeds to lay upon the youthful evangelist. It is quite likely that the direction has a primary reference to public worship. But it is equally a divine rule for our family and closest communings with God. Thus we see what is the Christian's first duty—to pray. Paul puts this first duty to pray, and all works should be with prayer. Nor should we pray for ourselves, our homes, our church, our community only, but for all men. Kings and those in authority are specified as classes likely to be forgotten, and for whom there are special reasons for prayer.

But we are also interested in the grand reason which is given for this prayer for all: "It is good and acceptable in the sight of God, and it is pleasing to Him because He wills that all should be saved and come to that knowledge of the truth which is life eternal."

The argument added is conclusive. Since there is but one God, all are equally His offspring and under His loving care. Since there is but one Mediator, and He a man as well as God, His mediation must be for all men. But the climax of the argument is that this Mediator has given Himself a ransom for all; a ransom "instead of" is the force of the original. Surely all this could not be true were it not that God willeth that all men should be saved. Therefore we are to pray and to labor for all. Alas, that in the strange folly and pride and love of sin, any, and apparently so many, should reject the truth and resist the Spirit, and so thwart the gracious will of God concerning them!

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. How wonderful the love that could compass far and stop so low to save; and how we must have the heart that can spurn or trifle with such love.

2. Man's first and great need is not of culture or a good standing among men, or any of those things the world covets, but this—to be saved.

3. Great sinners are not to despair of themselves; ministers, teachers, workers of any sort are not to despair of great sinners.

4. Primising disciples need to be admonished; some such have disappointed hope, and made shipwreck of faith and of the soul. Trust and pray. Keep also a tender and clear conscience.

5. Among the means of advancing the kingdom and saving men, do we, as the Apostle did, give the foremost place to prayer?

6. This is not God's fault that sinners perish. He wills, interposes, pays himself the costly ransom, entrusts and waits. Against all this man's free and rebellious will may and often does stand out. Jesus said, "Ye will not come."

GUIDING OUR GLORY IN GLOBE.

Beautiful Prospects for a Daisy Like Over Yonder.

[St. Paul Herald.]
"Oh, George," said Sylvia to her future lord and master as he layed the powder off her cheek. "I do love you, but I can not go to the rink with you any more."

"And why not, pray?" said George.

"The minister says it is wrong," replied Sylvia, bobbing.